

“Good-bye, Mr. Wolf,” replied the Fox. “God prosper your ‘mission.’ But a word in your ear: Be sure, old fellow, to leave your fangs behind you.”  
From “Russian Fables,” by Khriloff.

---

THE  
“SACRED MISSION”  
OF  
**THE RUSSIAN WOLF**  
AMONG THE  
**CHRISTIAN SHEEP OF TURKEY.**

**Ought we to Oppose or Promote it?**

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“THE TURKISH DOG & RUSSIAN WOLF”;

Which would you prefer at Constantinople?

WRITTEN

FOR GENERAL NON-POLITICAL READERS,

By an Englishman, Thirty-six years acquainted with Russia.

---

“En plaisantant on peut être sérieux.”—*Lamartine.*

“A pleasantry may convey a useful lesson.”—*Translation.*

---

HAUGHTON & CO., 10 PATERNOSTER ROW.

## TO THE READERS OF THIS PAMPHLET.

---

“Let it be understood that by ‘The Russian Wolf’ I mean the ‘Cossack element’ of the Russian Nation—not the Russian nation itself; and by the phrase ‘Cossack element’ I mean that ‘War party’ in Russia who have hounded on their humane Sovereign and kind-hearted countrymen to acts of aggression, ambition, persecution, and spoliation of others’ property, which the better portion of the Russian people deplore as much and sincerely as the best friend to humanity could do.”

*Extract from Pamphlet.*

RBR  
E.Bam  
1270  
#8014

## WHY THIS PAMPHLET IS PUBLISHED.

---

"In conclusion, Mr. Turnerelli stated that if war should re-commence, the lecture which he was to have delivered that evening should be published in pamphlet form for the information of the public. A cordial vote of thanks was given to Mr. Turnerelli for his address."—*From the "Brighton Guardian."*

---

I PUBLISH this pamphlet, I confess, with regret—real unfeigned regret.

Nothing less than the necessity of keeping faith with the public—which I can find no justification for breaking—induces me to issue it ; for I am not among the number of those who love to rail at governments and administrations, however deserving of condemnation those governments may be.

I repeat, therefore, I circulate this essay "more in sorrow than in anger." First, because in itself it is the result of a bitter disappointment ; secondly, because the reason which obliges me to lay it in the hands of those whom I have myself "disappointed," dashes at once to the ground all hopes of peace I had so long cherished, and striven to make others cherish likewise ; and thirdly, because it is adverse to Russia, a country in which I have lived and travelled, off and on, for upwards of thirty years : in which I could once boast of many friends, and whose sovereigns and people I have, on so

many occasions, on platform and in the press, defended when I thought they deserved it.

But "a promise given" is, with an Englishman, "a promise kept"; and so *nolens volens*, now that war is declared, I must keep mine: given while peace was hoped for—given, in fact, to promote that peace we should aim at, whether as lovers of our country or humanity.

The facts are simply these.

On the 6th of November last, happening to be in Brighton, where I have some friends, I was asked by them, in my capacity of "an old Russian traveller" and the author of some works on the country, to communicate my impressions, *tel quel*, of what I thought the real motives of the Russian Government in sending its "multitudinous armed legions" to the frontiers of Turkey to carry out what the Emperor called "his sacred mission," but to which the world is perverse enough to give a different title.

I consented, provided a few spontaneous remarks, more in the form of a traveller's gossip than a studied lecture, would satisfy them.

The address was advertised under the title of *Russia as the Saviour of Christians in Turkey. What kind of Saviour is She likely to Prove?* a title chosen as much as possible to indicate the conversational character of the address promised.

The newly-elected Mayor of Brighton, Charles Lamb, Esq., consented to take the chair.

On the morning of the 6th, the very morning when this address was to be given, *telegrams arrived bringing to us the cheering intelligence that "An armistice had been signed, and that peace was considered almost certain."*

What was I to do? Unwilling to utter at such a moment words suggestive or creative of strife on a public platform

—preferring even to risk the disapprobation of an audience, many of whom came certainly with no friendly dispositions to Russia—somewhat timidly, I confess, I asked the permission of the Mayor and the audience to substitute a subject more productive, I thought, of that harmony and international goodwill which was wanted at that moment.

Singularly enough, *twenty years before*, I had “gossiped” in that same town, Brighton, in that same Town Hall, about the late Tzar Nicholas, and in a friendly tone, it may be remembered.

The idea, therefore, occurred to me, to ask the Brighton people permission to converse that evening on *What I heard in Russia concerning the present Emperor, Alexander II., his personal Character, &c.*

I told my audience my reasons for wishing to substitute the subject, and *promised*, if war should ensue, contrary to existing hopes, that I would either come to Brighton again and give them the advertised lecture, or publish it in a printed form for circulation among them.

I am happy to say that not a dissentient voice opposed my wishes, and every one of the seven Brighton papers bore witness that my “complimentary reminiscences of the present Tzar, my acquaintance with whom dates from 1839,” were kindly, I may almost say enthusiastically, received, a vote of thanks having been unanimously returned me.

If, therefore, the present pamphlet should by any chance fall into the hands of any Russian friend of mine, he will, I trust, take the respectful homage I paid publicly to his Sovereign, as a make-amends for the comments contained in these pages against former and recent acts of his Government, not always approved of by Russians themselves.

A “promise,” as I said before, is a “promise”; and, *coûte*



*que coûte*, I must keep mine ; as we have now war instead of peace.

The "Dove"—if I may be allowed in this preface to keep to the allegorical title of the pamphlet—the Dove of Peace with the olive branch has flown away, and the Wolf has come in its place.

And so I publish these chronicles of "Wolfdom" without animosity, without rancour, just to show some of the Wolf's admirers and well-wishers that their *beau idéal*, the Wolf, can bite and tear when the humour prompts him, and unfortunately for humanity, he has hitherto had the humour to do so too often.

I do not seek to distribute these records among the learned or the ultra-clever. I aim at finding readers more especially among those classes who will not read elaborate treatises or abstruse dissertations. This is why, under the title of *The Russian Wolf and Christian Lambs*, I hope to sketch a picture or two that will at least be understood, and perhaps will not be forgotten.

One thing is, however, certain, that what I am about to write will not be written for either fame or gain. I am far too old to care for the one, and sufficiently well off not to be obliged to make any effort for the latter. But, like every other Englishman I hope, I feel what is due to England from her children, and never, I believe, were honest words of truth more needed than at the present moment.

It is all very well to talk of the "Russian scare," and to pretend to smile at those who feel it and show it. I, at least, am not ashamed to say and own that "I am scared"—and I say this as one "thirty-six years acquainted with Russia" ; as one who has lived several years in the country, who was acquainted with every leading Russian, from Prince Men-

schikoff downwards, and who travelled through eighteen provinces of the empire.

You, friend Englishman—Gladstonite, Spurgeonite, Freemanite, and the rest—who know nothing of Russia, are *not* scared. But *I am*—laugh at me if you will.

There, reader, that is my political creed. Whether you call me Conservative or Liberal, after all it matters little which, provided we all love our country, and aim at preserving, each in our little way, its honour and welfare.

TRACY TURNERELLI.

*Author of "Kazan," "Russia on the Borders of Asia,"  
"What I Knew of the late Emperor Nicholas,"  
"Peace: a Reminiscence of the late Turco-Russian  
War," &c. &c.*

TRACY LODGE, LEAMINGTON.

# CONTENTS OF THE PAMPHLET.

---

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE CONVERTED WOLF! A PREFACE . . . . .	9
II. THE RUSSIAN WOLF 'MAKES A "FIRST" MIS- SIONARY VISIT TO POLAND . . . . .	13
III. THE RUSSIAN WOLF FINDS THE CHRISTIAN SHEEP OF POLAND VERY UNCONVERTIBLE, AND PAYS THEM A "SECOND" MISSIONARY VISIT . . . . .	19
IV. THE WOLF MAKES A "THIRD" SALVATIONAL VISIT TO THE REFRACTORY POLISH LAMBS . . . . .	24
V. THE WOLF'S "FOURTH" VISIT AND "TENDER MERCIES," AS RECORDED BY A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN . . . . .	29
VI. A CATHOLIC PRIEST ON HIS WAY TO SIBERIA. WHAT HIS ACQUAINTANCE COST ME . . . . .	36
VII. ANOTHER PRIEST AMONG THE SIBERIAN WOLVES . . . . .	42
VIII. THE WRITER WITNESSES THE WOLF AT WORK, "CONVERTING THE NATIONS," AND A BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL CONFIRMS IT . . . . .	46
IX. THE RUSSIAN WOLF <i>EN ROUTE</i> TO TURKEY. ———A PICTURE ! . . . . .	52



# THE RUSSIAN WOLF AND HIS SACRED MISSION.

---

## I.

### The Converted Wolf!—A Preface.

EXTRACT FROM PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF'S LETTER TO COUNT SCHOUVALOFF  
IN LONDON.

"The Prince is astonished at the 'suspensions' which haunt the minds of some people in England. The *sole* motive of Russian policy in the East is to obtain the delivery of the Christians from oppression."

FRIEND READER,

In my previous pamphlet on "The Turkish Question" to which the present may in some respects be considered a Supplement and Sequel, I related the following fable—"a Russian fable, about a Russian Wolf"—and composed by a famous Russian fabulist Khriloff. I relate it again, here, with a few alterations and modifications.

Once upon a time, a wolf was seen leaving "Holy Russia" with his carpet bag between his teeth. There was'n't much in it, I fancy. He was evidently bent on emigrating.

A Fox met him.

"Where are you going to, Mr. Wolf?" says Reynard.

"Oh! I am going on a mission—a 'sacred mission' to a country called 'Turkey,' where the poor sheep are being most barbarously ill-treated. You can't imagine what they have to undergo. I obey the call of Providence in going there. Other wolves, and many, are going too. We won't allow those dear innocent lambs to be tortured any longer. Nobody seems to think about them, so we, kind, compassionate wolves as we are, have determined to be their protectors and Saviours. The sheep will welcome us as friends, as they ought to do. What a happy life those innocent,

frisking lambs will lead when we, who love them so tenderly, get among them. And then, think of the merciful action we are performing—of the ‘humanitarian’ crown of glory that awaits us. How the whole race of animals will applaud us. Good-bye! Mr. Fox. I am off to Turkey—the land I speak of.”

“Good-bye, too, Mr. Wolf,” replied Reynard. “God prosper your mission. But a word in your ear: *Be sure, old fellow, to leave your fangs behind you.*”

Well, fellow Countrymen, and readers. Let us give the Russians their due.

Wolves, politically speaking, as they undoubtedly have been, up to the present moment, they have promised, this time, “*to leave their fangs behind them.*”

Their nature is altered, they tell us.

The light of civilisation, of freedom, that has recently—thanks to their humane Tzar—dawned among them, has done wonderful things as regards their former instincts and propensities.

They don’t deny—they cannot—that they have been “Wolves” in the past—and have worried to death—devoured in fact—the sheep, whenever they could get among them; but they are now “Wolves” no longer.—No shepherd’s dog could protect the sheep better than the Russian Wolves are now disposed to do. “Give us only a trial,” they say. “We will show you,” they exclaim, “that we really *are* changed in our natures. Don’t go on eternally mistrusting us, as you are still doing. Don’t suppose, because the other day we broke our promises in Khiva, and tortured, tore to pieces, those ugly Turkoman sheep, the Yomuds, that we intend to do the same thing again in the land we are going to!

“No! those Yomud sheep were horrid ‘Mahommedan sheep’ and we had every right to tear them to pieces, to gobble them up, and exterminate them—which we certainly did do to the best of our power.

“But in Turkey, where we are now on our way to—the sheep are ‘Christian sheep’; that makes a vast—a mighty difference.

“Wolves as we are—we are ‘Christian Wolves’—and we won’t allow ‘Christian sheep’ to be oppressed and

tyrannised over by Mahommedan wild beasts—by ‘ Mad savage, Turkish dogs ’ as Mr. Lowe called them.

“ So we are going to protect them, to save them—that’s our ‘ Sacred Mission.’ ”

Well ! friend reader ! This is pretty much what the wolves—the Russian Wolves—are saying.

Let us be as charitable, confiding as we can. Let us believe, or pretend to believe, if any good can possibly arise from it, that a bright, a blessed fate awaits the Christian sheep in Turkey, if the Russian “ Wolves ”—these Christian Wolves—become their protectors and their masters.

I, on my part, am perfectly willing to give these “ Russian Christian Wolves ” full credit for their good intentions, and for the changes likewise in their hitherto wolfish propensities, appetites, natures, &c.

Willingly would I fling my hat in the air and cry out “ Heaven prosper the Wolves ”—if they really have become what they profess to be—merciful, compassionate, truly Christian Wolves—in a word, if they go on their “ sacred mission,” “ leaving their fangs behind them.”

But even in the midst of our delight at the change—there is no reason why we should not relate to our Christian friends around us, how these reformed Christian Wolves have themselves, hitherto, and invariably—up to the present Year of Grace at least, 1877—treated the Christian sheep as well as the Mahommedan sheep, they have become the masters of.

History is history ! And the dark deeds of the past will only help to bring out more in relief the bright, good deeds of the future.

We all know how sinners—teetotalised drunkards for instance—dwell on the misdeeds of their once wicked days to give a greater charm to their conversion—their regeneration.

So be it with our “ converted ” friends—the Russian Wolves.

When we have related what they were—what they have *done*—in Christian Poland at least—their merit will be the greater in showing what they have become—what they now are ! what they are bent upon doing among the Christian populations of Turkey.

Heaven forbid—that a converted “Russian Wolf” should be thought a thing impossible in these days of marvellous conversions, of miraculous regenerations.

Mr. Gladstone believes in the conversion of the Russian Wolf—and thoroughly believes in his “Sacred Mission” likewise. Mr. Gladstone is a man of sense and judgment, and is entitled with all respect to an opinion.

My Lord Shaftesbury also credits the providential regeneration of the “Russian Wolf”—and has uttered a prayer on the public platform that the Christian sheep of Turkey may see this same wolf among them, as their master and their Saviour.

My Lord Shaftesbury is no mean authority either, who dare doubt it?

And have not clergymen innumerable—the famous Mr. Spurgeon among them—re-echoed Lord Shaftesbury’s opinion, and wished and prayed, fervently prayed—on “platforms and in pulpits”—“that the Russian Wolf” may enter Constantinople as a blessed Christian Saviour?

And Mr. Gladstone, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Spurgeon, and the many Christian clergymen cannot be wholly wrong. So we must suspend our opinions till future facts speak for themselves.

Meanwhile to be fair, to be honest, to be loyal sons of England, and impartial Christian observers—we are bound, while the Russian Wolves are gathering together—in such vast troops, from their forests and steppes—prepared for their missionary emigration to protect and save the Christians in Turkey—we are bound, I repeat, to show how these same wolves have protected and saved the Christian sheep elsewhere, and this duty, neither Muscovite nor Englishman neither Mahommedan nor Christian—can justly or reasonably question.

This is what I intend to do in the following pages—I mean no offence to Russia or Russians. I simply mean duty to England and Englishmen—and even Russia will, I trust, excuse me, if I look upon the present hour as one, where both Christianity and England need that stern truths should be told, regardless of likings, or any party or personal feelings.



## II.

## The Russian Wolf makes a "First Missionary" Visit to Poland.

Is it not singular—friend reader, how history repeats itself?

Just read the following, and tell me whether it is not, in its main features, just what has recently been done in Servia by our Christian friends, the Russians, as far as "getting there" at least was concerned.

There was a nation once—I fear it is now forgotten—even if it can be said to exist at all—called Poland.

It was a nation of heroes—of Christian heroes—and if Europe is now free from the Mahommedan Turks—we owe it to that almost forgotten nation.

This Poland once contained a population of twenty millions of subjects. It had seven Universities. It enjoyed the advantages of freedom and civilisation, when Russia was in a state of the most abject servitude and most crass barbarity.

This same Poland is now a semi-desert—a land of woe and wailing—the most persecuted, most wretched, most desolate, and desolated nation, in fact upon earth.

This change from pre-eminence to debasement—from freedom to slavery—from being "the most envied" to the most pitied—from being the defenders of Christianity, to becoming a land of Christian martyrs, may be resumed in a few words—*The Russian Wolf got there*—and "*Finis Polonia*, Poland is done for!" as Kosciusco exclaimed—was the consequence.

Let us now see how the Russian Wolf *did* get there.

Poland in 1766 was pretty much in the same state, as regards its "Christian Sheep," as was the Christian part of Turkey, with its Latins and Greeks eternally disputing, before the late Crimean War.

The sheep were quarrelling among themselves. There



were Catholic sheep—and Greek sheep and dissenting sheep—neither Greek nor Catholic.

The two latter were called *dissidents*; the dominating religion of the country was Catholic.

The dissidents complained—all dissidents generally do—of religious and social oppressions—and the rest.

Poland was under a kind of protectorate of certain European powers—who had collectively signed a Treaty of Protectorship, called the Treaty of Oliva: of which England, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and our friend the Wolf, “Russia,” were the signatories.

Well, I repeat the “dissidents” complained. A memorial was presented by them to the Cabinets of all the “protecting” powers, invoking aid, religious freedom, and the rest.

The said English, Prussian, Swedish, Danish Governments, received the complaints—and what do you think they did? They wrote and reasoned, advised and promised, nothing more. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

But Russia—the crafty cunning Wolf—did more than talk and advise. The Wolf saw at a glance what he could do and gain in the matter, and so he promptly informed his intended protégés—the dissident complaining Christian Poles, just as the Wolf did the sheep in Servia, how much he pitied them—and how determined he was to help them.

Poor Christian sheep! Yes! they should no longer be tyrannised over. The Wolf would protect them—could not, would not, hurt them. Indeed the Wolf “could not be indifferent to the interests of humanity”; he—the Wolf—wanted nothing “but to gain respect and affection,”\* and to do a good turn to a sheep in trouble—just what the Wolf is saying at the present moment, to the Christian sheep in Turkey.

Forthwith, therefore, Russia, the Cossack Saviour, marches, her troops armed to the teeth, into Poland, just as she did, a few months ago, into Servia.

But the Servians soon found out their mistake, and so, alas! did still more fatally the dissident “Poles.”

The Servian Christian sheep in less than a month discovered to their cost, that even the Turkish Mahomedan dog (*sicut* Robert Lowe)—mad as he is—was more to their taste

\* See Note at the end of this Chapter.

than the Russian Christian Wolf, whom they had invited to protect them.

But it was easier to invite a Wolf—or a troop of Wolves, than to get rid of them. “The Wolves,” now Protectors of Poland, as they called themselves, continued to advance—till they were almost at the very gates of Warsaw—Poland’s famous capital.

Just the way, you remember, in which the Russians entered Belgrade.

And now—only now—losing all patience, the four other powers—the said Signatories of the said Treaty, England, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark—began to murmur—well they might! The English Lion more especially—shook his mane—and growled and showed his claws a little—but the Wolves seem to have paid little heed to his Leonine Majesty—pretty much as the Russian Wolves are doing at the present critical hour.

Our Lion then—as now—had what the Wolf called a “humanitarian” turn. Fine sentimental speeches were made, no doubt—in Parliament and out—and grand touching diplomatic papers written—but the Wolves, spite of protocols and memorandums, kept what they had taken—coolly telling the murmuring powers that “Possession is nine points of the law” and that “might is right.”

And Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and England too—more to her shame!—looked on peacefully while the wolves, now masters of the land, were grinding their teeth and preparing for the onslaught.

The next step was to enter Warsaw—and then “the Wolfish business” began in thorough earnest.

The “dissidents”—malcontents as some call them—were among the first to raise loud and piercing cries of treachery—and murder!

Serve them right! They had called in the Russian Wolves. Their protectors—their saviours had generously come—at their bidding, and from “Scylla,” as the saying is, “they had got into Charybdis.”

They soon learnt what Russian Protectorship means—a lesson once taught never forgotten. The Cossack had become their master—and Cossacks will be Cossacks—wherever they go—*Naturam expelles furca!!* &c. &c.—Poor Roumania! I pity you. (See Note, next page.)

At length—a popular rising broke out. The “delivered” Poles, literally driven to desperation—fired on their Russian “deliverers”—think of their ingratitude—killing eleven officers and several soldiers.

This was what Russia wanted. *Allons, Faites le jeu!* Now for the feast—the vulpine feast—of which the drink was to be human blood—the viands human flesh, and the music human cries of agony.

The rest of the tale, without further detailing, may be summed up in the following words—extracted from a page of contemporary history.—History speaks, recollect, not I.

“The remaining conduct of Russia consists of one hideous catalogue of slaughter”!! No! Did it?

“Scenes,” the historian continues, “were enacted utterly disgraceful to human nature, sullied with the most savage exorbitancies and stained with the most horrid cruelties.”—Really! Did they?

Take one—just one—of these cruelties for instance—as those ill-natured historians, not I, relate it.

“Nine Polish gentlemen,” they tell us, “whose hands were chopped off at the wrists, were exhibited in the capital city of their native country—presenting a new and shocking spectacle.”

I should rather think it was.

This was the way the Russians adopted, say the chroniclers, to punish Christian patriots who had dared to hold a sword in defence of their down-trodden country.

These eighteen hands were chopped off, they add, by the Russian Commanding General himself—imitating thereby Peter the Great, who with his own dexterous hand—no executioner could have done it better—chopped off the heads of seventy-five of his own nobles.

“Like master—like man!”

---

May 23. We read in the *Daily News* of this day the following:—“So far as it ever can be safe to forecast events, it seems safe to predict that Roumania will emerge from the present struggle free of Turkey. We particularly refrain from saying anything so confidently about her national independence. It does not by any means follow that by ridding herself of all connection with Turkey she must succeed in establishing her absolute freedom. She is now in league with Russia. Her army will probably become to all intents and purposes part of the army of Russia.” Might not the *Daily News* have added, “herself henceforth another Russian Province.”

Need I relate in detail the after history, as given by contemporaries, of the massacres, butcheries, outrages, spoliations, that marked this first visit of the Russian Wolf among the Christian sheep of Poland.

Imagination needs no help in the matter, when it contemplates those nine "handless" noblemen, in the market-place of Warsaw.

Still here is one more attractive sensational little feature.

"Three days after one of the above-named almost diurnal massacres which took place," says history, "in a church, in the same market-place where the 'bloody wrists' had been exhibited, you might have seen—I really can't believe it—children's ear-rings exposed for sale—but with the tiny ears still attached to them—and women's rings—still on the slim soft fingers that had worn them. Both had been cut off," say the annalists, "to save time and 'add to the value' of the jewels, which the Cossacks and their masters were expected to buy—as trophies of victory and triumph!!" Pretty Victories! Glorious Triumphs!!

And those were "Christian Children," "Christian Women," pray remember, massacred by their Christian Saviours, in a Christian country, and in a "Christian Church" likewise.

Verily—verily, the Russian Wolf, if the tale be true, though even for a "Wolf's" sake I feel inclined to doubt it—on that occasion at least had *not* "left his fangs behind him."

"Reformed" as he now is—he *did* want converting at that time most unquestionably—if such was a facsimile type of his character.

The Christian Sheep he had come amongst—Greek, as well as Catholic and dissident—certainly thought so and said so, and I fear the reader will say the same of the next visit of the Wolf to Poland, which occurred a few years later—if history does not as usual belie Holy orthodox Russia. I hope History does.

Of this first visit Edmund Burke said at least in the Senate House of England.

"A Great Part of Poland," cried out this great orator, "is already reduced to a desert, the inhabitants are either wholly exterminated or carried off to Siberia! from whence they can never return."



What! all this, the reader will exclaim, in *one* visit, the first!

All this from a "power that 'only sought to act in the interests of humanity'—and to gain the respect of Europe"\* —(*see Note again*)—but be calm, reader; don't exhaust your wonderment too rapidly and too profusely—a good lot of it will be wanted still, I can assure you.

I have three more visits of the kind to relate to you—three!

The Wolf has only *commenced* his work of Christian Saviourship. We shall soon see how he continued it, developed it,—finished it—

"*Finis Coronat opus*"—you know!

\* In confirmation of the truth of this Chapter, probably the following may be satisfactory and useful to the reader:—

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—A German paper points out that there is a striking similarity between the assurances of the Russian Government in the present crisis and those which it gave 110 years ago, at the time of the partition of Poland. Russia was then the champion of the Polish malcontents, as she is now of the Turkish Slavs; and she then also put forth her demands "with the purest disinterestedness, and from a desire—nay, a love—of peace." The Empress Catherine then declared, as solemnly as the Emperor Alexander does now, that she only asked for guarantees because she was anxious for "the maintenance of the general peace;" and that she would rejoice if her "noble undertaking were blessed by divine Providence," and if "humanity enjoyed the benefits of peace." She added that *only envy and malignity could suggest that she covets Polish territory*. "I will never," she said, "make any claim to the territory of Poland; I will even secure the integrity of that country if any other Power should attack it." She wished to protect the malcontents only "in the interest of humanity," and her only object was "to gain the respect of Europe, and the pleasing consciousness of having promoted the happiness of a neighbouring nation." These assurances were given at the very time when a partition of Poland was being secretly negotiated with Prussia. Soon after the Russian troops entered Poland, but the Government declared this was only for the purpose of "preventing any disturbances which might be caused by the grant of concessions to the malcontents," and that "the Empress's motherly heart would be deeply grieved if any blood were shed unnecessarily." Nevertheless, *a large piece of Poland was annexed*; and when the Poles protested they were told by the Russian ambassador that "the Empress still prefers the interests of Poland to her own," but that, the annexation being an accomplished fact, it cannot be reversed by "metaphysical arguments."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



## III.

The Russian Wolf finds the Christian Sheep of Poland very troublesome, and pays them a second "Missionary" visit.

The Christian Sheep—how ungrateful!—were not quite satisfied, it appears, with the treatment their protectors, the Russian Wolves, had given them. Their "bleatings" and moanings and groanings—impudent things!—were loud and continuous. They even presumed, it seems, to make a stand as well as they could—even sheep will sometimes do it—against the ravenous wolves who were devouring them. What wickedness! So the wolves once more determined to teach these naughty sheep a second wolfish lesson. This lesson meant nothing less than to exterminate the whole and entire flock—utterly to annihilate them, if possible. Such, in fact, was, word for word, the order given by the Empress Catherine to the Cossack hordes commissioned to carry out her imperial mandate.

120,000 of these bearded, ruthless savages, were for this purpose again sent to Poland.

The Poles—citizen soldiers chiefly—barely numbered 30,000.

And yet—friend and foe agree in saying so—they fought heroically, these Christian Poles, and died as true patriots die—and ought to die.

In a hundred fights, their intrepid valour triumphed over numbers, compensated for deficiency of arms, and supplied all resources.

Suvaroff was the leader of the Russians.

A more ferocious, bloodthirsty monster never led an army to butchery—he was a regular human wolf, no doubt of it—every inch of him.

At the taking of Ismael, you may remember, he had sacrificed 15,000 of his own brave, devoted soldiers, and boasted that he would "sacrifice" every Russian he commanded before he would abandon his purpose.

This he effected at last. In revenge for delay, he put, we

are assured, 38,860 Turks to the sword, and literally, as the Russian historians complacently relate, "*he bathed in blood.*"

This is the Muscovite expression! Wolfish rather.

Not a man, woman, or child was spared.

Byron says of this display of Russian Christianity—this unquestionably wolfish achievement:

"All that the mind would shrink from of excesses,

All that the body perpetrates of bad;

All that we read, hear, dream of man's distresses,

All that the Devil would do, if run stark mad:

All that defies the worst which pen expresses,

All by which Hell is peopled, or as sad

As Hell—mere mortals who their power abuse,

Was here, as heretofore and since, let loose."

Talking of poetry and poets, this monster Suvaroff—"half demon, half dirt," as Byron calls him—was a poet likewise.

He was the rhymester who sent home to Catherine *laughingly*, in the very midst of the carnage—as merrily as if he was improvising verses at a wedding—the famous metrical despatch:—

*Slava Bogou! Slava nam!!*

*Ismael vzto e ya tam!!*

TRANSLATION.

Thanks be to God—thanks be to us!!

Ismael's taken and I am there!!

"*Ya tam!!*" Well may humanity, with a shudder, chronicle the words. Short and sweet undoubtedly.

Byron again says—

..... "This Russ so witty

Could rhyme like Nero o'er a slaughtered city.

He wrote this Russian melody, and set it,

Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,

Which few will sing, I trust, but *none forget it.*"

And this was the generalissimo sent by Catherine to pay a second "missionary" visit to the Christian people of Poland.

"He was the right man in the right place," say some of the Russian historiographers.

But what will humanity, Christianity, England, reply to this assertion?

Suvaroff triumphed. The Devil somehow generally does in such matters. In vain did the Polish peasants—unbearded boys among them—when their army was beaten, turn out with scythes and actually rout the Russian battalions. Numbers prevailed, and the Russian Wolves, these Christian protectors, began their usual after-battle, after-victory doings.

In Ismael it had been with Turks—at Warsaw it was now with Christians!

Suvaroff entered this ancient capital to which “Christianity” owes so much.

There, without opposition, he and his armed battalions—Lord Shaftesbury’s *protégés* the wolves—I hope his lordship will not be offended with me for calling them so—rushed about in every part of Praga—the Warsaw suburbs—putting every one indiscriminately, without distinction of age or sex, to the sword.

More than 20,000—I still quote from history—innocent, inoffensive persons mostly—were literally butchered, the priests in vain holding up the Cross—the very emblem of Christianity—before the eyes of the slaughterers.

Again, Suvaroff marched—*swam in blood*, as the Russians have it.

Again, he sent one of his amusing, poetical, but very wolfish dispatches to Catherine, announcing not only his victory but the wholesale annihilation he was effecting.

Catherine, the dear Christian lady—God rest her soul!—was in bed, dreaming no doubt of heavenly bliss—her dreams generally were of that nature—when she received Suvaroff’s despatch, wet with innocent blood.

Actually, half naked as she was—at all events clad in nothing but a scanty nightdress, leaping with frantic joy—how could she contain it?—she rushed about the palace from corridor to corridor—from room to room, from bedchamber to bedchamber, exclaiming to her servants, male and female, “*Stavai! Stavai!* Get up, get up! I am avenged!! The Poles are exterminated!!!”

Imagine, if you can, Queen Victoria acting this nocturnal scene in Buckingham Palace on the news of some English victory in India!

And now, my Lord Shaftesbury—and you, kind Christian

clergymen who follow his standard—you who wish the Russian Wolf to get possession of Constantinople—think of this treatment of your Christian brethren in Poland.

Go on talking—if it please you, do—of Turkish atrocities and Bulgarian horrors—a very touching, telling theme, I acknowledge ; but take my advice—the advice of “an old Russian traveller” : when the Russians do assault, capture, march through Constantinople—as in all probability sooner or later they will—continue to talk at home in your arm chairs and pulpits, but keep away from Turkey and Bulgaria if ever that day you desire to witness comes—for your own sakes, do so.

When the Cossack soldiers under Emelian Pougatcheff—about the time I am describing—met, on their own soil, a learned astronomer studying the heavens—I believe he was a Russian even—they stuck the poor man of science on the end of their lances, and raised him aloft, as high as they could, telling him, in his agonies, “he was nearer the stars now and could study them better and easier.”

Witty, at least—was it not?

But just imagine—though God forbid—poor Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Shaftesbury, or the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, or any other admirer of the wolves—stuck up aloft on the end of a lot of Cossack lances or Russian bayonets. The picture would be a sad ending to all their transcendent—humanitarian—ultra-generous—ultra-benevolent theories. *La chose est possible, néanmoins.*

Englishmen, as you are gentlemen, abhorrrers of the Turk as you very properly profess to be—you would stand a poor chance from the Cossacks, I fear, if they met you in those exciting moments—unless, indeed, they really are converted, as you say they are.

All Christian sects, Russian orthodoxy excepted, are simply Pagans in the eyes of the Muscovites—Lutheran sects more especially!!

I could give you a hundred instances to prove it.

Here is what Prince Gortchakoff said at a review at Bucharest on haranguing the troops.

*“Russia is called upon to annihilate Paganism! Whoever shall hesitate in performing this holy work shall be annihilated like the Pagans themselves!! Long live the Tzar! Long live the God of the Russians!!”*



Now, my Lord Shaftesbury—and other Christian members of the Established Church of England—think a little, do, of yourselves: “have a care,” as Shakespeare says.

Remember—the God of The Russians is watching you! not their *Tchernabok*\* I hope—*Sat sapienti*!

---

\* I suppose the reader remembers the excellent article the other day in the *Telegraph*, on the two primitive “Boks”—*id est*, gods, of the Russians—the good Bieli Bok, white god, and the black, Tchernabok, their black god. This *Tchernabok*—a demon of mischief—did all the harm he could—the good god none. So the Russians gave all their offerings to the first, to propitiate and please him. The latter could’nt, and would’nt hurt them; so the Russians were sparing of gifts to one who was so full of mercy and goodness. The *Tchernabok* got everything!—the way of the world, I fear, a little at present.



## IV.

# The Wolf makes a "Third Salvational" Visit to the Refractory Polish Lambs.

We have now come "our own times—to matters which most of us, in one way or other, have witnessed, and which many—too many living contemporaries, alas! have taken part in.

Go to poor squalid second floors—"aye! garrets, I fear—in some of the humblest streets of London—to poverty-stricken apartments in the cheapest quarters of Paris—and you will find men of rank—patriots, generals, noblemen and princes—Poles, and plenty of them, who have taken part in the episode I am now about to speak of.

And if you won't believe the Poles in London or in Paris, just make your way, in imagination at least, to Siberia, and ask the few that remain of the 250,000 that were sent there at the close of the third missionary visit I am about to speak of, what they think of the Russian Wolf and his "tender mercies" in Poland during the reign of Nicholas, who, much as I admire him in many respects, much as I have striven to make others admire him, certainly did show the Polish nation in 1826 that the wolf had "still kept his fangs," and was not the converted animal he now is in 1877, "*Deo gratias.*"

But the reader must judge for himself. I give no opinion of mine in the matter. I merely request, as before, all honest Englishmen to remember that *a quarter of a million* of Polish men, women, and children, sent to Siberia! "means something" even among the wolves of "Holy Russia"!

A quarter of a million, Mr. Gladstone—think of that!

"*Maintenant à nos moutons*"—the Christian "Sheep" (*Les moutons Polonais*) I am writing about—loved so tenderly and treated so compassionately by the wolves, their friends, their protectors, deliverers, and saviours.

Nicholas has just been crowned "King of Poland"—one among his many titles.

Nicholas, autocrat of all the Russias, king of Poland, etc., appointed his eldest brother Constantine to be "Viceroy of Poland."

This eldest brother ought, by right of succession, to have been the Tzar of Russia, but the brutality and violence of his character was carried to such a degree that it resembled "madness"—was so, in fact.

For instance, they tell us, on one occasion, for merely a wager, he playfully shot a woman in the yard of his palace and killed her—just for a wager!

"Only a woman!" You remember, reader, my anecdote in my last pamphlet.

His own father it was—Alexander the First—who, seeing what this inhumanity, this brutality of disposition, would inevitably lead to if he became Emperor of Russia, obliged him to sign his own abdication in favour of Nicholas, his younger brother.

Strangling of Russian sovereigns had been such a common thing of late, that Alexander felt instinctively what would be the fate of Constantine, his eldest brother, if he assumed the Imperial purple of the Tzars.

This very probable danger Constantine felt himself, for when visiting the Court of Saxony, some time after, on being asked why he had abdicated, he made the following answer:—

*"C'est que, voyez vous, madame, en Russie il faut avoir un cou fort, et moi, je suis un peu chatouilleux!!"*

"Because, madam, in Russia a Tzar must have a good strongneck, and mine is rather of a ticklish brittle nature"!!

Which meant, in other words, that he was a wolf—a savage wolf—that he knew himself to be a savage wolf—and knew, too, as well as anyone, what his over-wolfish propensities would inevitably bring him to.

And this was the man—the viceroy now sent to govern Poland!—poor Poland!—poor Christian Poland!—to give what the French call the "*dernier coup-de-grâce*"—the last blow of death—to this depopulated, dying nation.

Volumes, if the Poles may be credited, would not suffice to tell the series of persecutions, of oppressions, of cruelties "in his way" this Imperial Wolf in human form practised in Poland. He is one instance, among the many—thoroughly characteristic—*et hoc genus omne!* are all, they say.

A Pole, named Adam Schickoffsky, disappeared from his home under circumstances of the greatest mystery.

His clothes were found on the banks of the river—so it was inferred he had drowned himself or “been drowned” therein.

Seven years afterwards, on the death of Constantine, he was discovered in prison.

He related subsequently that two Cossacks—what are not these Cossacks employed for?—had, by order of Constantine, been commissioned to stare alternately at him, day and night, without cessation until this diabolical invention sickened him to madness.

For months after his return to his family—idiotic as he had become—he was unable to recognise either wife or child. His only reply to their questions was, “Let me be at peace, for God’s sake. I know nothing!! nothing!! nothing!!! Who are you?”

This was one of Constantine’s choice modes of punishing those Poles he disliked and had a particular pique against.

Just imagine what must have been the nature of a man who could invent such modes of punishment and torture!

Constantine, they tell us, was not only a savage, but he was likewise, they say, one of the most immoral of rulers.

The practices, we are assured, that he allowed to be taught in the public schools, led to the physical and moral deterioration of the noble youths of Poland.

Under his viceroyalty—this is unquestionable at least—the prisons of the country were full to overflowing with the highest and best families of the land.

At last even the crushed, oppressed, semi-extermiated, expiring Poles could bear the national torture no longer.

A military school, that of the cadets—mere youths—once more in their desperation rose in rebellion.

Bear in mind, reader, that this last effort came from a band of military school boys—to the credit of boys be it spoken.

These cadets, preferring death to submission, marched straight to the palace of the Grand Ducal wolf, Constantine, the Viceroy, the Deputy Protector of Poland. Some of his aide-de-camps barred their passage to the viceregal bed-chamber. They were struck dead by the youths.

An American, and a favourite, helped Constantine to escape by a secret passage.

The monster fled through this underground tunnel to the Russian barracks, with which it communicated.

The Russian soldiers were 10,000 strong, but Constantine seems to have been a coward as well as a savage, and with his 10,000 troops he fled from Warsaw.

The cadets—the school boys—became thus, *pro tem*, masters of the capital.

In a few weeks after this the people of Poland, once more, rose *en masse* in arms.

It was the expiring spirit of a gallant nation rising to the call of a few gallant youngsters.

Providence seemed at first to bless their efforts. Victory followed victory over their Russian oppressors.

Impoverished as Poland had become, whole regiments, we are told, were clothed and fed at the expense of private citizens.

Young and old marched out to conquer or perish, singing the long-forbidden airs and verses which breathed of liberty, and their never-dying love of Poland.

The youths, composed of the best families of Poland, and backed as they were by the entire nation, did all that men could do.

They fought, they bled, they died, they conquered. The mother, we are told, “placed the musket in the hand of her only child.”

“The wife girded the good sword on the husband of her love!” All went well at first, and hope seemed to breathe again for Poland.

*Diebitsch*, the Russian General, mortified and dishonoured by defeat, committed suicide!

Constantine, the madman, the savage, died partly from debauchery, partly from vexation—and, it may be, a little remorse mixed with the two.\*

---

\* But did he really die then and there? Some people seem to doubt it. Here is what an author writes about the matter. I give it for what it is worth. He is speaking of the monastery of Solovetz, on the borders of the White Sea—a sacred place in Russian eyes, a place of pilgrimage, of saintly relics, &c., but with a State prison, nevertheless, attached to it: a mysterious prison, of which even the pilgrims, the *Bogomoletzi*, as they are called in Russia, speak with terror:—

“Who may be the unhappy beings who are enclosed within these dungeon



But once more the star of Poland declined—was to be forever extinguished, in fact. Paskievitch Erivansky entered Poland at the head of an overwhelming force.

On the 6th of September, 1831, Warsaw was assaulted and taken, after a desperate but hopeless resistance.

It was the old, old story over again—the story I have related when Suvaroff the Wolf got possession of the city. I need not repeat the harrowing details.

A fresh population of Poles, naturally including more especially the youths—the cadets who had been the originators of the struggle—were sent to people the wilds of Siberia.

So many they were, in fact, that Custine says, “Siberia became Poland, and Poland a desert.”

Poland a desert!! No! there Custine exaggerates a little. Poland was not a desert yet—there were still some sheep for the wolves to devour. The Wolf of 1861 had still some little pickings left out of the many millions of Christian Sheep which grazed in Polish pastures. There was still, still some little work to do—some further little “saviourship” to exhibit, and one more of these wolfish protectorships our next chapter will furnish, which will bring the doings of the Russian Wolf pretty much up to the days we are now living in, when it has pleased divine Providence to give the Wolf a fresh call—a “missionary sacred call”—for the benefit of the human race in general and of the Turkish Christians in particular.

*Benedicamus Dominum.*

---

walls? No common criminals, certainly, for they are sent to Siberia. And yet the prison of Solovetsk is certainly occupied, for sentries and keepers are always on duty and at their posts. I have been told that some years ago *an old man* was seen there. He had a white beard, and had become blind from weeping. I do not pretend to give any guarantee for the truth of this tale, which has, however, been narrated by many; still less do I venture to vouch for the secret which has been whispered into my ear on more than one occasion; but they say that the blind prisoner of Solovetsk is a brother of Nicholas—that he is the Grand Duke Constantine himself”!!

## V.

The Wolf's "Fourth" Visit, and "Tender Mercies," as recorded by a Protestant Clergyman.

1863.—Can it be possible? What, another revolution of the Poles!—another rising of the sheep against the Wolves!—after all that had been done for them? It is really and truly incredible in fact. But such was indeed the case. "Truth is ever strange—stranger than fiction."

Yes! oppressed, crushed, trampled down as they were—the national "body" worn—to use a figure of speech—to a very skeleton—the Poles nevertheless rose again! Good Heavens! What superhuman miseries must have been inflicted to have driven to the madness of despair a race almost lifeless, as its ruthless oppressors had rendered it.

1863. Remember! This is no dark page of ancient history.

If the conversion of the Wolf is really sincere—as I hope it is—it must have been very sudden—almost instantaneous, you see!—for thirteen years ago is a short time to look back to.

Besides, I greatly fear the conversion must have been effected within the last ten months at least, if half we hear of recent doings in Poland be true. However, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Spurgeon, and Lord Shaftesbury—and one-half of the speakers lately sitting and speaking at St. James's Hall, in what is called the "National Conference," are trying their best to persuade us that the conversion is as real as St. Paul's!! And we will take it for granted that it is so.

St. Paul, you know, to use his own words, was once a "scourge to the Gentiles"—a persecutor of Christians, "a threatener and slaughterer of the Lord's disciples." You also know what he became, and how suddenly he became what he did become, "a Christian apostle and saviour." So it may be with the Wolf of Russia.

But changed and converted, as the Wolf is now, he was not much of a saviour, most certainly, at the time I am

referring to, and really and truly the harrowing things the chronicles of the day—English and foreign—lay before us are so dark, so black, so shocking, that neither the Wolves of the days of Catherine, with Suvaroff at their head, nor those of Nicholas, can scarcely be said to surpass them—"Cossack to the bone," as ever.

A few days ago only, N.B., a clergyman, a Christian minister of the reformed Calvinist Church, named PASTOR EMERIC BILAK, writes a long communication to the Hungarian Journal *Ninezeti Hirlap*.

Here are the opening lines of his letter; and don't forget it is a Christian Divine who is writing—a Calvinist, a dissenter—a reformer—not a Polish Catholic priest, whom some might suspect of telling a few "ecclesiastical fibs," *pour l'amour de la patrie*—and for the benefit of Mother Church.

Rev. Emeric Bilac thus begins:—

"Sir,—I have read in your issue of the 24th ult. the report of Mr. Baring upon the cruelties committed in Bulgaria. Mr. Gladstone and his partisans may be convinced by this report that Russia has been the instigator of these deeds. Now, what is the Russian press doing? It is agitating Europe, and pointing out to it in Bulgaria the stain which will brand the nineteenth century. Let us open the annals of history, and let us see what occurred in Warsaw on April 8 and 9, 1861, and we shall find that the nineteenth century can show infamous stains other than this."

Here is what the said reformed Calvinist clergyman tells us he has gathered from history—from eye-witnesses, in fact—about the said 8th and 9th of April 1861 in Warsaw. If he exaggerates—or doesn't tell the exact truth—don't lay the blame to me, my Russian friends! Shift it on the shoulders of the Calvinist body, whose minister is speaking—not I.

He, naturally, as a minister of religion, begins the scene near a monastery, and thus he relates it:—

"The first attack on the people was made before the Cloister of the Bernardine, near the Column of Sigismund, in the Square of Cracow. From the first moment the troops kept firing as well as using the cold steel. The soldiers stripped the dead of all their clothing. The dead and wounded were dragged along by the feet into the citadel, and with

such violence that their brains spurted out through their broken skulls over the foot-pavements and roadway. The Cossacks committed these horrors without dismounting. An ecclesiastic, in front of a body of men, who had come from the Cracow faubourg, came forward slowly, holding a crucifix in his hand and chanting prayers. The soldiers, who, as well as the officers, were on that evening completely drunk, killed the priest with the butt-ends of their muskets."

Killed the priest with the butt-ends of their muskets, did they? Well, I am glad it is not a Roman Catholic who is recording the matter.

But don't blame the Cossacks too much, please; they were drunk, you see, as they often are, and not in their senses—or they would have respected the Cross—Christians as they were—surely.

Pastor Emeric Bilac thus proceeds in his narrative:—

"A young man *picked up the cross*, and was instantly butchered by a Cossack with his lance. This Cossack, putting his horse to the gallop, dragged his victim along in this fashion, hanging to the lance, as far as the citadel. The cross was then picked up *by a Jew*, who was murdered like the others."

What! murder a Jew—with the cross in hand! Incredible, almost, Rev. Mr. Bilac.

"During the fusilade a group of men and women, unarmed, were kneeling at the corner of the Rue des Senateurs, singing a psalm. Some horse-police and Cossacks rode straight to these unfortunate people, and ground them to death beneath their horses' hoofs. The infantry fired upon those who had not been killed, and finished them with the bayonet. All these unfortunates were unarmed, and had remained quiet. 'Let us pray'—this was the only utterance that issued from their mouths."

Now, did the Cossacks—these Wolves—really do such things? What! kill poor women, kneeling, singing psalms, praying? Surely our reformed Christian clergyman must be exaggerating—or quoting exaggerations. Suvaroff and his herds of Wolves might have done it in 1793—but fifteen years ago, in 1861! This beats belief, and I really must begin to call the rev. gentleman's words in question.

"The massacre continued (and it is well known how



much the Russians boast of their Christianity). A woman who was begging for mercy was killed by Cossacks, who dragged her body into the citadel. This heroic deed having been accomplished, the murderers went into the Padralussa, where they fired without intermission upon the unfortunate people who had taken refuge in that place. As soon as they saw that the crowd presented a compact mass, the soldiers fired upon this group of unarmed men, and it was at that time that the soldiers themselves killed two Cossacks, a fact confirmed by Prince Gortschakoff in his official report."

Well, if Prince Gortschakoff really did confirm this matter in his report to the Tzar, I suppose we must believe it ; but as regards the Cossacks killed among the "unarmed crowd"—I can't say I pity them much ; I am savage enough to declare, even, I wish the two had been two thousand instead of a paltry couple if they really did what is related of them.

Mr. Bilac goes on to tell us that:—

"The wounded were driven into the citadel by blows from the butt-ends of the muskets. The dead were dragged into the same place. In the hall of the citadel, where the corpses had been thrown pell-mell, one over another, the blood covered the floor to the depth of more than an inch, and fragments of limbs were scattered about. Wounded women and children were praying their butchers to allow them to go out. At the present moment no one knows where all these wounded are. The people had carried a considerable number of the dead into the Confiserie de Bêle, but the soldiers wanted to drag these corpses from the people, and there sprang up then a new struggle around the corpses, which ended by their being carried off by the soldiers."

Pray imagine, friend reader, a horrid horde of Cossacks, struggling, fighting, for the possession of a lot of dead bodies ! Isn't the picture a little wolfish ? Dead bodies are as good as living ones for wolves perhaps ; but, generally speaking, living men don't care for having them or quarrelling for them. *N'est ce pas ?*

But now our Calvinist Pastor comes to a more delicate matter still. He now begins to speak of the "ladies of Warsaw." The recital is getting, you see, more and more sensational, more and more thrilling and touching.

Poor ladies! Did the following really happen to you? in 1863!—

“Before the Column of Sigismond some dead bodies had been placed upon carriages. Some ladies of the aristocracy had aided in this sad service. The soldiers fired upon them. One young lady, pierced by a ball in the middle of the chest, ran staggering towards the murderers, and cried out ‘Finish me!’ The people flung themselves before this unfortunate young lady, whom they were enabled to rescue from the fury of the soldiers.”

Having tried their hand as butchers of the ladies,\* the Cossacks next make an onslaught on the monks. He, the clergyman, tells us:—

“The Bernardine monks prayed in the streets, lavishing the last consolations on the dying. Ten of these monks were murdered with the butt-ends of the muskets while they were carrying on their pious ministry.”

Monks administering the last sacrament to the ladies of Warsaw, and the Cossacks beating their brains out as they knelt and prayed—with their muskets! This is another picture worth looking at and thinking about at the present moment.

Well may the Pastor Emeric exclaim, “These frightful scenes recall *the butchery of Praga!*”

That was Suvaroff’s butchery, you remember.

My opinion is that they—the scenes—not only recall it, but almost surpass it.

The Pastor thus continues—after telling us that “the youth of the schools came in for their share of massacre and slaughter.”

He goes on to say:—

“When the streets were at last deserted, the soldiers returned to light their bivouac fires in the squares, and

---

\* Apropos of *Ladies*.—Alfred Austin says of the same 1863 business, basing his information on the *Times* correspondent of that date:—“Young ladies of rank were being constantly arrested, fifty at a time, and always at night! From ten at night till four next morning are the official hours for deeds that will not bear the light of day. Women were constantly flogged, and some were driven insane by the treatment they received. Sometimes they were whipped simply in order to try to ‘force them to name the persons who were the customary guests at their father’s houses, and to detail the conversations which had been held there.’” Surely even Mr. Gladstone will agree that this was “Wolfish” enough in all conscience.

began to drink brandy and to sing the Russian refrain, 'The Touri of Warsaw.' On the next day, the 9th, similar horrors were enacted; and when all was finished Prince Gortschakoff presented public thanks to the soldiers, whom he described as brave fellows. (*Molodey*)! The soldiery had been during the whole time plied with brandy, and had been drilled to hunt down the passers-by who were dressed in mourning. Passers-by were also stopped in the streets, ransacked, and despoiled of their money, watches, jewellery, &c. A student was murdered in the Rue de la Croix; another was killed by the lances of the Cossacks. In the Maranon Faubourg a woman in mourning was killed with the butt-ends of muskets. Another woman, who was carrying an infant, had this child killed while suckling it. Before the citadel the Cossacks threw lassos over the passers-by, and caught them like dogs to drag them into the forts. A woman was stripped of all her clothing by some soldiers, who, in the presence of their officers, who laughed loudly, dragged the unhappy creature stark naked into a house, where they otherwise maltreated her."

Our chronicler—the clergyman—thus sums up his narrative. "It results," he says, "from the foregoing:—

"1. That the bloody days of Warsaw were enacted in the sight and with the cognisance of the Russian Government; that Prince Gortschakoff gave thanks to the soldiers, the authors of these massacres, and described them as brave fellows.

"2. That, according to the reports of the Englishman Baring, the cruelties reported in Bulgaria were committed by Russian instigation, without the knowledge of the Ottoman Government and in opposition to its will.

Well! with all due respect to Rev. Emeric Bilac, I won't go quite so far as to believe that the Ottoman Government was opposed to the Bulgarian horrors. I don't hold, I confess, any sympathy with the Turks; and for my part I shouldn't at all object to see this said Ottoman Government, with its Bashi-Bazouks—the Dogs!—driven into Asia—or into the Black Sea—if it was thought more convenient. The land would be all the cleaner, and the sea smell sweeter and purer with two or three millions of Bashi-Bazouk skeletons lying bleaching at its bottom. But what I

don't like—I repeat again—is the prospect of the Russian Wolves taking their places among the Christian Sheep of Turkey. I can't—try what I will—accustom myself yet to an implicit belief in the Wolf's blessed conversion.

However—"Our National Conference" is about to sit again—they talk of it at least—as I write. Many are the friends of the converted Russian Wolf among its speakers and teachers—and we may all yet live and learn "the truth by listening to them."

A National Conference! It was a grand idea, certainly, and if the Russians in Moscow, as we read in the *Golos*, are laughing at us!! in their sleeves, we can't help that either. They should remember we had a Bishop, a live Bishop, among these "National Conferrers," and, instead of turning us into ridicule, they, the Russians, ought to thank that Bishop at least for telling the people of England, as he did, that, "as Christian men, and upholders of Christianity, our army ought to be placed at the command of the Russians!! and the rest left to Providence." God bless the Bishop for his humanity!

And didn't the Rev. Mr. Moore of Nottingham, with true evangelical spirit, say that we need no alliances but "the alliance of the King of kings." And above all, didn't the Earl of Shaftesbury, with that noble Christian feeling which distinguishes him, tell us that our duty was "to forget and forgive"—"to leave the door of repentance open to all," not excepting—he might have added—to the repentant Russian Wolf—with whom the Lion is told to "coalesce" in the grand Christian duty he has undertaken.\*

I wonder whether that ferocious Lord Beaconsfield, who holds the Lion in check, will allow the hitherto Lord of the Forest to do so?—ESPERONS.

---

\* Alfred Austin invites the members of the National Conference to look at the *Times* for 1863, *passim*, more especially the numbers of February 21 and 28, March 28, April 14 and 23, May 11, 15, 22, and 23, June 24, and November 11. All that he recapitulates, he says, will be found in those papers, and in the speeches of the members of our Houses of Lords and Commons. Nothing like figures, you see—seeing is believing, and those who doubt had better see and read the said numbers.



## VI.

A Catholic Priest on his way to Siberia. What his acquaintance cost me.

One recollection more!

It relates to a poor Polish Exile—one of those same unfortunate Polish Christians to whose sufferings these pages have been devoted.

This time, however, it is a personal narrative of my own experience—relating, in fact, more or less to my own self—and to a little service it was my good fortune to render to one of those 250,000 exiles who, during the reign of the last Emperor of Russia, had to wind their way to that vast charnel-house of human suffering—Siberia. I may almost call it, in Shakespeare's words—

“That undiscovered country

From whose bourne no traveller returns.”

Siberia! What a tale of human suffering does not that awful word tell with it.

Well may the Russian—the poor Russian himself, who for centuries has suffered so heavy a weight of oppression and wrong—and whom (I speak of the real “*National Russian*,” not the “Cossack” Russian) I cannot help liking—so much uncomplaining endurance, so many good-natured qualities I have observed in him. Well, I repeat, may the Russian, when he hears the very name of Siberia mentioned, direct imploringly his gaze to Heaven, exclaiming aloud, *Gospodi pomiloui!* God have mercy on us!

This Siberia is, at least, a regular region of wolves—with hosts of bears as companions—the only natural masters of these primæval deserts, containing hundreds of miles of gloomy forests where, even now, the foot of man has seldom or ever travelled.

Endless swamps and morasses—in many parts no roads or even footpaths—barren steppes and interminable wildernesses—no halting places—wild beasts on every side—six weeks of unrelenting day, and then forty-six weeks of night,

with winter in its direst form—frost, snow, ice such as cannot be dreamt of elsewhere, the Polar regions alone excepted—a climate where wolves and bears alone could exist in. This is Siberia! This is the place to which Russia has hitherto sent her exiles—her not-sufficiently pliable nobles, her ladies of rank among them.

And then to think that of the Poles alone—these Christian Sheep the Russian Wolf had come to succour—a *quarter of a million* in one single reign were sent to die in these deserts. Good Heaven! What an awful fact! and what reflections would it not create, did one not make an effort to banish it from one's memory, as the Russians do with their *Gospodi Pomiloui*, and as I would wish to do from mine as soon as possible.

Oh! those poor Exiles!—Princes—Princesses! Bishops, Priests—delicate, high-born, well-bred women, with their babes at their breast among them—children almost in infancy—mixed up with the brave soldiers, the gallant patriots who accompany them on their journey of death to these horrid wastes and deserts—Gracious Providence! one might almost ask how can such martyrdom—such continuous, endless human tortures—have been permitted?

Alas! Alas! Even I—a mere traveller—have seen enough of these poor wretches *myself* on their way to Siberia to justify me in speaking thus about them. They have all to pass through Kazan (of which town I may be considered “The historian”\*), over a bridge on the outskirts of the town called “*Sibirsky Zastava, The Siberian Barrier!!*” Well might that bridge be called “The Bridge of human agonies!” How many times have I not sate, on a large stone by the road-side—I used to call that stone, reader, “my rock of sighs”—looking day after day at the “convoys” of poor Polish prisoners—priests, monks, nuns among them, as well as Princes and Princesses—whom the Cossacks were driving with their whips—chained, fettered as they were, and treated as no man would dare to treat a dog in England.

---

\* *Kazan; the Ancient Capital of the Tartar Khans*. Two Volumes. Published by Richard Bentley, publisher to the Queen. I think of this town I may also be considered the “painter”—for, by desire of the late Emperor Nicholas, a collection of my drawings of the views and ancient Tartar monuments of Kazan were lithographed in Paris and London, and dedicated to the Tzar.

One day—how can I forget it?—as a fresh convoy of Exiles was passing over the said *Zastava*, a young Pole, evidently not more than 30 years of age, saw me in my usual place as he passed and rushed forward to where I was sitting.

I cannot help thinking he must have believed I was an Englishman—and could *trust* me.

“For God’s sake! send that letter to my mother” were the only words he uttered or had time to utter, for the whips of the Cossacks drove him back to the ranks of the exiles he had dared to quit for a moment.

A hundred blows, at least, must have been dealt him.

Blood was streaming from his nostrils and eyes as he cast his last imploring glance upon me—that glance still repeating “For God’s sake! send that letter to my mother.”

The poor victim disappeared, and a minute after an officer of the *Gensd’armerie*—whose very uniform is viewed with dread in Russia—stood threateningly beside me.

Hand me that letter!” he said to me, ill-naturedly.

“Not of my own free will!” I replied. “It was given to me, in God’s name, by a poor exile, who asked me to send it to his mother, and only brute force shall tear that letter from me.”

Forthwith, I was led, very unceremoniously, to the Bureau of the Chief of the *Gensd’armes* in Kazan.

The same demand was addressed to me. I gave the same answer.

From the office of the General of *Gensd’armes* I was marched, still prisoner-like, to the Governor-General of Kazan.

“You must let me have that letter,” he said, kindly enough—for he knew me personally, and I was in the habit of dining with him constantly.

“Your Excellency,” I replied, “do permit me to repeat without offence the answer I gave to The General of the *Gensd’armes*. I am an Englishman, and not dead to all sense of duty. You may drag that letter from me, if you wish, but I pity misfortune too much to consent to give it of my own accord to you. I must *post* it, at least.”

“Are you aware of the danger you run, the penalty you

expose yourself to by refusing me. I am Governor of this province! Remember, you are not at this moment in England!"

"I am thinking only of one thing, your Excellency—the love of a son for his mother, and his parting prayer."

The Governor—probably to frighten me—made a sign to some soldiers outside the office—"more in sorrow," I thought, "than in anger." They entered and advanced towards me.

I saw that matters were becoming more and more threatening.

"One word more, Excellency," I said—"In the same packet where that poor Pole's letter is lying is a recommendatory paper from your Emperor, addressed to you and other Governor-Generals in Russia, ordering you to treat me "*with consideration*." That exile's letter is in the same envelope with the Tzar's.\* Your soldiers may drag them both from me, if you like; but in doing so, I consider you insult the mandate of your Sovereign and disobey his orders. permit me to use the word."

The Governor-General knew that I spoke the truth. He had *seen* the recommendatory paper, and the words I had uttered induced him to change his tone and his possible intentions likewise—though I will do him the justice to say it would have gone against his grain to have done me an injury. At all events a fresh mood had come upon him.

"Will you, at least, let me *see* that letter?" he said, with a milder expression of voice.

"I will, General, with pleasure, if you promise to return it to me," I replied.

The promise was given, and I handed the letter to The Governor-General, who read it attentively. He then handed it back to me.

"There is nothing to object to in it," he said. "You may have it, and forward it too, if you wish."

"Will you give me your promise, General, that it shall not be stopped at the Post-office? I ask that promise, not only in the name of your Emperor, but in that of your own

---

\* This courteous word of recommendation was given me when I was, by authorisation of Nicholas, making an artistic trip down the Volga, to which I have alluded in the previous note, page 37.



mother"—and I knew at the moment that the love of the Russians for their parents is one of the most prominent good traits of their national character. In fact, I may say that filial affection and filial duty is nowhere more revered than among the Russian nobles—to their great credit I record it.

"I promise you it shall go direct to its destination, and to ensure it I will put my official seal to it," was the General's reply.

May God requite that Governor-General of Kazan—old General Strekaloff—now gone to his account—for the charity he showed on that occasion. The letter was sent on to Warsaw. Let us hope also that it reached the poor mother it was addressed to and soothed her sorrow a little.

The Governor-General then took me aside and whispered in my ear.

"I am glad you have got out of an ugly business"—"*une mauvaise affaire*" were his exact words. "But take my advice. Have nothing to do with Polish exiles or their letters in future. You may become 'an Exile' yourself if you do." The joke was a grim one! "Don't forget the warning," he added, "I have given you. Come and dine with me to-day."

That poor exile, the Governor afterwards informed me, was a young Catholic priest. What he had done to merit Siberia God alone knows. Possibly he had refused to divulge some revolutionary secret divulged to him in the confessional. Thank God! he had no wife or children at least to mourn for him. But he had a mother, and in the midst of his tortures he had not forgotten her.

I can imagine her sufferings also.\*

Need I add that from that day forward my position was not quite a safe one in Kazan—as previously.

Probably—the Russian authorities thought that, having posted a Polish exile's letter to his mother, I was capable of

---

\* Alfred Austin in his recently published pamphlet tell us "that a special persecution was directed to the priests of Poland—many were dragged off from the altar in the middle of mass, and sent to Siberia. The General Governor of Vilna, he says, addressed a letter to M. Krasinsky, the Roman Catholic Bishop of that province, boasting that he had *just hanged* one priest and sent another to Siberia. Several other priests, he continues, are in the hands of the military authorities to be treated with all the severity of the law."

becoming a "centre" of Polish revolutionary movements—the head of some awful plots to upset the Russian Empire or overthrow the reigning Imperial dynasty.

On one occasion I found, on my return, my drawers open, my papers ransacked, and every possible *proof* given that the Secret Police had been at work, even to a diamond ring which had been given me by the Emperor when I left St. Petersburg, and which *ostensibly* and speakingly was left untouched and unstolen!

A few months later, I was walking in the streets of Kazan with General Lvoff, Chief of the local *Gensd'armee*. It was in the depth of winter. Some crows were hobbling in the middle of the street—four dropped down dead—literally frozen. "What a terrible climate!" I exclaimed.

"Sir," said the General, "there are things in the air more terrible still, and of which we do not suspect the existence."

I did not fathom the true meaning of the General's words then. I have understood them since. Sometimes I am inclined to fancy I was lucky, living almost on its borders, not to have become a resident in that same Siberia I am speaking of. Suspicion—even sometimes at that time in Russia—got a poor body into scrapes, as easily as the actual carrying out of revolutionary sentiments.

At that period it required but little, a very little, to get a foreigner into trouble.

Witness—*Pernet*, the Frenchman—who the Marquis of Custine tells us, for uttering some foolish speech on the steamboat that bore him to Cronstadt, was thrown into prison and kept there until Custine heard of him.

Custine wished to visit the prison and see *Pernet*.

A friend warns him—"Take care! Any effort known to the Secret Police would make matters ten times worse. To avoid the necessity of an explanation, *Pernet* will be secretly removed and sent to Siberia."

So Custine took another course—and *Pernet* was set free. He let no time slip in getting back to France. He had once, he said, escaped Siberia—and he did not intend to run a second risk.

And *Pernet* was in the right. The Wolf had given him a bite—merely a bite—and he thought after that the further he kept away from his rapacious jaws—the better.

## VII.

## Another Priest among the Siberian Wolves.

Talking of priests on their way to Siberia, as I did in my last chapter—here is the manner in which one of these “Anointed of the Lord” was treated—when he got there. The narrative is useful, and the instance it depicts was, alas! not a solitary one by any means at that eventful period.

The time and date were about the same also—a little later—as when I met that poor exile on the *Sibirski Zastava*. It took place in the reign of Nicholas. The sufferer was a priest, and a Polish priest likewise. His name was the Abbé Sierocinsky. He was one of those “refractory” sheep who turned against the Wolf in the midst of his “sacred mission” to Poland.

Here is his history, without any fiction, exaggeration, or embellishment—authenticated by official papers, which have been published.

The Abbé Sierocinsky, at the time of the Polish Revolution, the result of which I have described, in the reign of Nicholas, had been Superior of the Convent of St. Basil in a town in Volkynia, and Director of the National Polish Schools in the place.

Grieving to see his country and religion trampled upon by the Cossack, he took part in the political struggle of that period, and when the Poles were once more defeated—how could they be otherwise?—the Abbé was seized and, by order of Nicholas, made a common soldier in one of the Cossack regiments.

Just imagine this poor old priest mounted on a wild Cossack horse—dressed in a semi-barbarous Cossack dress, and obliged, lance in hand, to pursue the Kirghese robbers over the steppes—a change it was, indeed, for the poor Abbot of St. Basil.

Somehow the Russian authorities—not wanting in perspicacity—soon discovered that the profound erudition of the monk—who, it appears, spoke several languages—might be

turned to better advantage ; so the Abbé Sierocinsky, from a common soldier in a Cossack regiment, was converted by a Second Imperial Oukay into a professor of the Military School of Omsk, in Siberia.

From what we hear of the Abbé, he managed to gain both the affection and confidence of all around him, and his influence soon spread in all quarters, which he (who could blame him for it?) determined to turn to advantage for the benefit of the Siberian exiles, so many thousands of whom were suffering around him, in the various deserts of Siberia.

Mere ecclesiastic as he was, he conceived the project—great and grand, it must be admitted—of freeing them all—exiles, soldiers, officers, Poles, Russians, natives of Siberia, even the Tartars—all were to have a share and a benefit in the movement.

That Abbé must have had a sound head as well as a bold heart to concoct such a scheme, and the general discontent that exists even among the Russian officers enabled him to find supporters among the Russian authorities themselves.

A vast conspiracy was organised. Sierocinsky's plan was to seize upon the fortress and principal strongholds.

This done, the conspirators were to wait the progress of events and the signal for action.

In case of check or defeat, they were to retire under arms into the Kirghese steppes in the Khanate of Tachkin, where there are many Catholics, or into Boukharia, and from thence into English territory in the East Indian peninsula.

All went on well. The project, you see, was a Titanic one—how a mere Catholic priest could have planned it is a wonder—but treachery (always at hand in Russia) defeated the well-concocted plan ; and on the very day that the signal was given, the commandant of the fortress of Omsk, Colonel Degrave, was informed by one of the conspirators of the Abbé's projects.

The latter, with numerous accomplices, amounting to upwards of a thousand, were instantly seized and put in irons.

One of these was a Russian officer, upwards of sixty years of age, named Gorsky, a brave man, who had served the empire in many a war, and another gallant officer named Milédine.



But now we come to the main part of the narrative—the *punishment* that was inflicted by order of some one—let us hope it was not Nicholas—on the originators and chief promoters of this generous but unsuccessful movement.

This is the “Wolfish” part of the story, which we have now to recapitulate.

One thousand of the conspirators—wicked Christian sheep as they were—were condemned, thus: one portion was to receive 1,000 lashes, another 2,000 lashes, a third 3,000 lashes, and then, if they got through it, to labour for life in the mines!

But that may be called the “merciful” part of the sentence.

Five of the ringleaders—the Abbé Sierocinsky, Gorsky, Milédine among them—were to receive, *each*, 7,000 blows *Bez postchadi*!!! Note this part of the sentence well, “without mercy”!

The execution took place at Omsk, in the midst of the military schools in which Sierocinsky had been so recently a professor. Date, March 1837!!

A general renowned for his savagery—General Galafieff by name—was sent down specially from St. Petersburg to see the punishment duly and accurately carried out.

Two entire battalions, each man armed with a lash, were chosen to execute the sentence. One battalion was to operate on the 1,000 minor culprits, the other on the five originators of the conspiracy.

Of the less culpable thousand—we are told by an eye-witness—not one lived to receive the whole number of lashes—given *bez postchadi*, remember. One after the other they dropped lifeless in the Siberian snow, made crimson with their blood—the blood of 1,000 noble-hearted martyrs.

The punishment of the four ringleaders need not be described separately. We will content ourselves alone with describing that of the Abbé Sierocinsky, purposely reserved to the last, that he might witness the tortures and hear the cries of his fellow sufferers.

Here is how an eye-witness, himself a Siberian exile, describes it:—

---

\* It ought to be mentioned that Peter the Great mercifully ordered that the number of blows were *not* to exceed 7,000! Very merciful, no doubt!

When the turn of the priest came, he says, "he was stripped naked, and his hands were tied to a bayonet.

"The surgeon of the regiment then came up to him and offered him a flask containing some strengthening drops; but the Abbé refused them. 'You may drink my blood,' he exclaimed, 'but I will not drink your drops. I do not want them.' The signal was then given, the fatal march through the lines began, and the old Superior of the Basilian convent, as he went along—each soldier giving him a blow—chanted in a loud, clear voice, as if at the altar, '*Miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.*' This angered General Galafieff, who called out to the soldiers, '*po kreptchi! po kreptchi!!—strike harder, harder!!*' Though for several minutes the priest's chant rose above the whistling of the rods and the loud, infuriated '*po kreptchi*' of Galafieff, Sierocinsky had only passed through the ranks once—that is to say he had *only* received 1,000 blows—when he fell upon the snow senseless, and bathed in his own blood. In vain they attempted to place him on his feet. He was then laid on a tumbril prepared beforehand for the purpose, and fastened to a support in such a way as to let the blows fall on his back and shoulders, and thus a second time he passed along the ranks. When this second passage was gone through, his groans and screams were still audible, but they gradually grew weaker and weaker, though he did not expire till after the fourth turn, making 4,000 blows he had received alive. There remained 3,000 more to give him, and these—*nota bene!*—were administered—not to the living priest—but to his—corpse!!"

Thus died the Abbé Sierocinsky. A black cross rising out of the white snow marks the spot where he and his 1,000 fellow martyrs lie—all buried in one grave—one large hole—in which, uncoffined, these 1,000 sufferers were thrown by their "merciless" executioners. *Bez postchadi!!* indeed. This is how the wolves deliver their sentences and perform their executions.

And these are the "wolves" who are now on their way to the Christian sheep of Turkey to protect them and save them!

Blessed sheep! thrice fortunate shepherds—the clergy!

## VIII.

The Writer witnesses the Wolf at Work "Converting the Nations," and a British Consul-General confirms his account.

Had I not had some personal opportunities of witnessing, during my long sojourn in Russia, scenes more or less like what I have described, I should have hesitated reproducing the records of others—however trustworthy they may be—but I have seen—seen with my own eyes—atrocities almost as black, in their way, as those I have chronicled—and as one of these scenes relates to the mode in which in *my* time of travel the Wolf—the orthodox Russian Wolf—performed his task of converting pagans and Moslems to Christianity—I cannot do better than describe it—from ocular demonstration, remember.

I had hardly been three days in the town of Kazan—formerly, as you know, the capital of the Tartan Khans—when I was invited—great was the honour—by the Governor-General of Kazan to witness the conversion of 2,000 Tchouvash peasants in that province.

I have described the habits and customs of these semi-barbarous races in my work on Kazan.

They are—or at least were before the Holy Cossack "converted" them—pagans—a simple credulous race, too simple, too credulous for the cheating roguish Russians, who, from the reign of Ivan the Terrible, have taken advantage of their weakness in every possible particular.

How the Tchouvash *love* their Russian masters may be gathered from the following proof.

If a Tchouvash hates a neighbour and wants to be revenged on him—What do you think he does?

Will it be believed? He goes during the night to the house of his enemy and, there, in the darkness, in his enemy's yard, *hangs himself*.

Yes! hangs himself—for he knows the greatest calamity

he can inflict on his foe and family is to get him involved in the hands of the Russian police.

He well knows that his enemy will lose all—house, land, property—the Russian police never omit doing that. In all probability his foe will be made a soldier and sent to Siberia. Sufficient for the Russian police that a man was found dead on the spot. This gives a fresh opportunity for plunder—and the family where the corpse was found is ruined for ever!

But to return to our notable Tchouvash Conversion.

At one o'clock P.M. I was on the spot to witness the edifying spectacle.

The Governor-General, the Commandant, the Marshal of the Nobility, the Chief of the Gensd'armes and, *ça va sans dire*, the Colonel of the Police, were there all ready for business.

I expected to find a host of sanctified clergy—crosses, Bibles, holy pictures, banners, and prayer-books—by the cartload.

Instead of this I saw a formidable detachment of the usual, inevitable Cossacks, armed with whips as well as lances. And now began the work of Conversion—the Cossack mode of “metamorphosing” pagans into Christians.

The elders and chiefs of the poor trembling Tchouvash people were summoned together, in the presence of the Governor-General.

Do you wish to become Christians? was the question addressed to these trembling creatures.

“We do,” said the majority. “*We do not*,” said a few.

Instantly the Cossacks received their sign.

Forward rushed the “Converters,” each armed with the knout, or *nagaika*—if you prefer the word.

In less than twenty minutes, the bare backs of the obstinate pagans were one mass of gore and mutilated flesh.

Do you still wish to remain pagans—to offend the white Tzar—your earthly God?

No! was now the universal cry. Oh No! The knout had done its “evangelical” work, rapidly and efficiently, you see.

The Russian priests now advanced. Down went the 2,000 Tchouvash on their knees. The Muscovite cross was given them to kiss. They each signed a parchment with a



“cross” also—for they could not write—and *in four hours* these “twenty hundred” Tchouvash pagans duly enrolled themselves among the Muscovite Christians of the Holy Russian empire—Bless the Cossack Evangelists!

A few months later, when these 2,000 Converts had received *full* instructions in Christian doctrines, I chanced to visit one of the “converted” Tchouvash Christian villages. A crowd of hirsute Christians of the race were gathered round me. “You believe in Jesus, God the Son?” said I. “Oh, yes, master, we do indeed—indeed we do,” and the Cossack whips floated before their eyes when they answered my question. “And in God the Father also?” I inquired. The crowd were puzzled, bewildered, terrified at the answer they had to make. At length one greybeard, evidently an authority among them, came forward, and said gravely and solemnly, “What, master? Is the old man still alive?”—not being able to persuade themselves that the Son could reign even in heaven until the Father had ceased to live and breathe there.

Nothing like Cossack instruction, you see, as well as Cossack Conversions.

Have you any doubt, reader, of the truth, the perfect truth, of this personal experience of mine—this orthodox mode of Russian Christianising, too soon to be applied again, I fear, to some of the Christians of Turkey.

If you have, you cannot do better than read the following extracts, from a paper extracted from The Blue Book just laid before Parliament by Mr. Owen Lewis, M.P., in the very month, April 1877, in which I write—telling “officially” how the Uniate Greeks in Poland were converted, like the Tchouvash, to Russian Christianity.

These Uniate Greeks, though ostensibly “united” to the Greco-Russian church, were Roman Catholics in principles, and the pious, zealous evangelists of the “White Tzar” found it desirable for political purposes to “convert” them.

The writer—from whom we get the details—is, remember, no less an authority than Lieut.-Colonel Mansfield, our own British Consul-General at Warsaw. He was on the spot when they occurred, and witnessed them personally, as I did the Tchouvash Conversions in Kazan.

*Nota bene* also that these details date only from 1871

down to the present day—that is, the few days ago in which the parliamentary paper was issued.

All these conversions, Colonel Mansfield tells us—conversions sometimes, amounting to 50,000 converts made in twenty-four hours—*were a mere triumph of brute force, the apostles and evangelists being Cossacks, and the instruments of conviction the whip, the stick, the lance, and the goal.*

Just the way in which the poor Tchouvash were converted, reader—exact to the very letter.

The conversions of January 29th, 1874, the Colonel tells us, “resulted in bloodshed, loss of life, and the most barbarous treatment inflicted on the peasants.”

In the district of Mincievitz the tender Russian evangelists wished to confer on the peasants—the CONVERTED peasants, remember—the boon of one of their drunken Russian popes. The latter was told to take possession of the church. The peasants wouldn’t have him—they closed the church and defied the Cossacks to introduce him.

Now here is what resulted:—*Loquiter* Col. Mansfield.

“The peasants, with their wives and children, were finally mastered and surrounded, and were given the option of signing a declaration accepting the priest. On their refusal, *fifty blows* with the “*Nagaika*” (Cossack whip) were given to every adult man, *twenty-five* to every woman, and *ten* to every child irrespective of age or sex; one woman, who was more vehement than the rest “the Colonel” says, which means more devoted to her faith, receiving as much as *one hundred*.

There, reader; and now you may still doubt my Tchouvash experience if you like.

Even in January 1875—little more than two years ago—the conversions continued to progress pretty much in the same style as above.

“In one village a peasant suffocated himself and his whole family with charcoal rather than have his child baptised by the governmental parish pope. The details of antagonism between the authorities and peasants have been most harrowing.”

Certainly the converted do not seem to have been much attached to their converters.

And then, a month or two later, who does not remember the pompous announcement made by the Russian

Government that 52,000 United Greeks had been received into the Russian Church—an announcement I answered by a letter inserted in the *Morning Post* and other papers.

Colonel Mansfield tells us that this marvellous wholesale conversion “was effected by *corporal punishment*, the devouring of their substance by the Cossacks, and by banishment to Siberia.

“In one village he says the peasants, all sexes *ça va sans dire* were assembled and beaten by the Cossacks until the military surgeon stated that more would endanger life.” They were then driven through a half-frozen river up to their waists into the parish church, through files of soldiers, their names were entered in petitions expressing—just as the Tchouvash did—their boundless devotion to the White Tzar and their willingness henceforth to walk in the course traced out by his powerful Imperial Will.

These statements, it must not be forgotten, are the official communications of the English Consul-General to his Government, which the aforesaid M.P., Mr. Owen Lewis, has thought fit to lay before the House of Commons. Just judge what we might expect had we read the same matters, communicated by some ultra-Catholic writer or correspondent, in some French journal.

God protect, say I again and again, the Christian Sheep of Turkey—when the Russian Wolf becomes their master—if these things, enacted so recently in Poland, are to be repeated in Bulgaria. But they won't be repeated, Mr. Gladstone assures us; though I wonder what the Christian Sheep in that “land of martyrs”—Bulgaria—as the Tzar called it the other day, are thinking of the matter.

The Bulgarians may have been “martyrs” in the past. God only grant, when the Wolf gets among them, they may not prove “martyrs” in the future.

It is all very well to hold up “the Greek Cross” before their eyes as an emblem of Saviourship, but it may be an emblem also of the crucifixion that awaits them.—*Nous verrons plus tard*.

But the best of the matter is still to come. The *bonne bouche* of this chapter is still to be related.

The English Ambassador in St. Petersburg, in a despatch to his Government, published in the said Blue Book, tells us

that "The Tzar of All the Russias thanked God that through his *ineffable goodness* a quarter of a million of United Greek Catholics of Poland had been *inspired* to return to the bosom of the Orthodox Church."

Inspiration—divine Inspiration ! Ineffable goodness, and the rest. *Mais cela, c'est un peu trop fort, mes amis.*



## IX.

The Russian Wolf *en route* to Turkey.

There, friend reader—there is just, neither more nor less, what the Russian Wolf was, not long ago, remember—the day, as it were, before yesterday, in fact—ere he became the “converted” animal he assures us now he is, and which assertion Mr. Gladstone so persuasively endorses.

What a blessing for the world to think that this sudden “regenerative” change has been vouchsafed him—for Christian lambs in particular.

“*Grattez le Russie, et vous trouverez le Tartare*” has been, you know, ever since the time of Voltaire, the current European opinion of Russia. Henceforth let it be *Grattez le loup et vous trouverez l’agneau!*”

Yes, dear Wolf, so tenderly loved at the present moment, God best knows for what purpose, by a section of Englishmen—it is certainly a grand thing to have become—self-appointed—the predestined Saviour of Christian lambs, the chastiser of Mahomedan “agnine” oppressors.

What! doubt a moment your good intentions, after all the solemn and sacred promises you have given us. No! we are far too fond of “conversions” in England to “harbour such incredulity.”

Our inveterate drunkards are at every instant becoming the most temperate of teetotallers; our prize-fighters the most pious of Scripture readers; some of the worst of our criminals exemplary, edifying ticket-of-leave men—and in the face of such facts, why discredit the conversion of the “Russian Wolf,” the only real representative of Christianity at the moment, we are told, in this world of ours—at least in the Turkish portion of it.

And though, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, it has fallen to the lot of the Wolf to raise aloft the banner of the Cross, hitherto carried by the lamb—to preach and commence this new Christian crusade—all the better for Turkish Christians, and for the Wolf too, unquestionably.

For *us* even! Yes! for what are the petty interests, the prosperity, in fact, of England compared with the good of those gentle Christian lambs—the Montenegrins, the Servians, the Bosnians, the Bulgarians—innocent, frisking little creatures as they are.

Talk of letting the savage Mahomedan dog still continue to worry them! No, that we can possibly permit no longer.

Didn't one of the most eloquent of speakers, Mr. Freeman, say the other day at the St. James's Hall Grand National Conference, "Perish British interests! Perish our Indian Empire!"? Which means, you know, in other words, "Long live the Russian Wolf! Down with the British Lion!"

The Wolf, after all, is to be the true Christianiser of nations. The Lion has tried the task and failed. Our Indian Empire is a proof of it. We have had it in our hands for more than a century—and yet the Indians are still pagans!

But Russia! Holy Russia! Wait a bit. The Russian Wolf is about to "Christianise" Turkey, and his next "Sacred Mission" will be to Christianise India—which we haven't done. We are no soldiers of the Cross. "We carry our money bags aloft instead of that Christian emblem"—the lovers of the Wolf at least tell us so.

And after India, then will come the turn of England. We want "Christianising" too, quite as much as the Turks. The Russians are ever informing us of the fact.

Those heathens the Turks! Those semi-heretics the English! This is what you may hear these seventy millions of orthodox Russians saying at the present moment in their Muscovite assemblies and in the columns of their half-dozen newspapers.

Well! Turkey—India—England Christianised—what next, and what next?

Why, the world! to be sure, if Napoleon Bonaparte may be credited. Witness his prophetic words at St. Helena.

The world—nothing less. The whole world. Think of the whole world Christianised by Holy Russia!

It is a grand, a glorious mission, no doubt, and the Russian Wolf—the new Crusader—may well be proud of it.

"May God help us," said the Tzar, "to carry out our Sacred Mission!" and so said, too, Gortschakoff, Ignatieff, Tcherniaeff, and so would have said our poetic friend,

Suvaroff, whose mode of Christianising in Turkey we have chronicled.

As to England—England, semi-pagan—“*neveriouschy*” \* England—opposing orthodox holy Russia in this Christian work marked out for her by Providence, the very idea is monstrous, irreligious, anti-Christian, diabolical, and the rest.

The task is already begun. The “sacred mission” is already commenced; the Wolf is already *en marche* to Constantinople to succour the dear Christian sheep of Turkey.

Just look at him—the Wolf—do, as he goes along.

A prettier picture you could not contemplate, nor Christian painter furnish.

What a glorious thing if we had a Murillo or a Zurbaran to paint it.

Look at him. Over his shoulder, twined round with the knout, he carries the Cross.

The lamb, you know, in the olden paintings, was wont to bear it. Raffaele thus depicted it. It is now the Wolf's turn to shoulder it as the emblem of the “sacred mission” God has marked out for him.

Look at him, do, I say. How proud he seems to be of the task he has undertaken, to succour the Christian sheep in the Turkish provinces, to defend them, to comfort them, and exterminate the Turkish dogs that have so long worried them.

But pray notice that sinister smile upon his face—that peculiar expression of his wolfish eye. What does it mean?

If it were not that he, the Wolf, is so marvellously changed—so thoroughly converted—one might almost think he was laughing at us—his British observers and friends—and calling us fools, idiots, imbeciles, to believe him, to have faith in him, as Mr. Gladstone, Lord Shaftesbury, and others have taught us to feel.

But no! let us still be confiding. That ominous smile is merely the *reflet*, as the French say, of the holy thought within. It is the smile of self-conviction of the conscious feeling that prompts his newly acquired, newly fledged philanthropy.

Occasionally, it is true, as he marches onward, you may

---

\* *Neveriouschy*—unbelieving—a very favourite phrase among the Russians.

see his teeth shining like the teeth of a crocodile awaiting some human prey on the Nile or the Ganges.

But don't be mistaken, don't misjudge the Wolf—even the Wolf.

Those teeth are only glistening, like so many pointed bayonets, simply because the Wolf cannot help thinking of the savage dogs that have worried the sheep, and those teeth are shown to tell his friends here in England and elsewhere how he means to use them, when he and the dogs meet together.\*

Occasionally, too, he grinds and gnashes these self-same teeth—but that is a sign meant for the Turks—not for the Christians.

He can't help howling also; that's the natural music of the wolf, you know—but that howl—that growl—is a sound he emits to warn the Turkish dogs he is coming—not to frighten the sheep—whom he loves so dearly.

As our Christian Wolf proceeds on his journey, see also how kindly he beckons to his admirers, those “out and out” believers in his “sacred mission.”

We have no lack of them most certainly in England.

We have English statesmen—English clergymen, and genuine English Liberals among them—and they, the Liberals, full of sense as they are, cannot at least be mistaken.

Christian clergymen in particular ought surely—better than anyone else—to know the wants and requirements of Christian sheep—and the power the Wolf has to supply them.

If they, inspired Christian ministers, say to the Wolf,

---

\* What the Wolf does intend to do and wishes to do may be seen from the sermon addressed by the Archbishop of Kischeneff, on the 12th of May, to the Grand Duke Nicholas. Here is a sample and a part of it. “True believing Lord! (that means the Grand Duke) may God assist you and your soldiers to conquer without heavy losses or sacrifices; may He enable you to cross our own dear Danube, and overcome or destroy all obstacles placed in your way; burning the enemies' ships with fire, sinking them in the waves, breaking them into small pieces—into dust, and scattering them on the face of the waters—as has already happened to one. May He reduce the enemy's strong places which close to the liberators the road to the oppressed. May He turn the mountains of the Balkan into smooth and easy paths; may He arise everywhere to your help, and may the enemy be routed in the name of Christ, and fly from God's face and from yours! As smoke vanishes so shall the foe disappear, and all his fortresses with him.’ A little “wolfish,” isn't it? particularly for a preacher, an archbishop—and all in the name of Christ, remember.



"Go on and prosper! Heaven is with you!" and the rest—certainly they are the best judges of the matter.

They have freely, fully studied the Scriptures—the inspired writings—and these are so full of allusions to wolves and their doings that they, the Christian teachers, ought best to know whether the Wolf can be converted or not, and can prove the protector and saviour of sheep and lambkins.

"Beware of ravening wolves," says one well-known Scripture passage.

"Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing," says another.

"As sheep in the midst of wolves," says a third.

"As ravenous as a wolf who in the morning devours his prey, and at night divides the spoil," says a fourth.

"Their judges are evening wolves. They shall gnaw the bones on the morrow," says a fifth; and Biblicans best know how many others there are of the same kind and character.

Our Christian teachers, who prize Gospel texts so dearly—as they ought to do—have thus been warned enough surely, and if *they* believe that wolves can be converted, regenerated, endowed by "Providence" with "Sacred Missions," let us not presume to doubt their wisdom and their spiritual, scriptural instincts.

I, for one, will not at least.

Willingly, readily, I go in therefore for the Wolf's conversion—the Wolf's vocation—his "Sacred Mission."

There he goes—that blessed Wolf—I cannot get him out of my mind's eye a single minute.

The more I look at him, the more I feel inclined to admire him, the better I seem to like him.

Amid the wolves—as their leader! I suppose—I see a very big wolf indeed—but he doesn't appear to like the leadership—to do him justice.

Although among the wolves—to my mind he doesn't seem to belong, in spirit at least, to them; and if a wolf could weep—what a touching sight!—I could almost fancy I see him shedding tears over the "wolfish job" he appears to have been dragged into.

Over the head of this "Master Wolf" hovers a two-headed eagle.

I wish it had been a one-headed "dove," the emblem of peace.

The eagle is considered a bird of prey—and a two-headed eagle must be doubly carnivorous I fear.

But possibly the two-headed eagle, like the Wolf, has had a call. This is an age of wonders. Nothing need surprise us.

And now I perceive, as I further contemplate the picture that nearly half a million of wolves are following the Master Wolf with the two-headed eagle above him.

Are these half-million of wolves all converted wolves likewise?

Possibly! but somehow I feel a kind of shiver when I think of the sheep they are going to cherish, of the lambs they are going to fondle.

These intentions may be all right at the moment, but “good intentions,” we know, “pave the pathways of hell,” and what if the good intentions of this half-million of wolves should change, like those of human beings?

What if these wolves should feel hungry when they get among the lambs of Turkey?

What if the Wolf again “relapses,” as the clerical language expresses it—and plays the same part among the Christian sheep of Turkey as he played among the Christian sheep of Poland?

*What then and what then?*

That question only can Providence, the good Shepherd who watches over his sheep, answer!

Great destinies—and great triumphs too—are, I feel sure, in reserve for Russia—and, sooner or later, I believe, “great reverses are in store for England.” I, and my readers, may not have to face them, but our grandchildren, probably our children, will. “*Delenda est Carthago*” may be the lot of England as of other nations—and this “Sacred Mission” of the Wolf may be the “beginning of the end” of the Lion’s regal dominion. That remains with Providence! What is to be, will be—even if the British Lion should have to crouch submissively before the Russian Wolf, and lick her feet, &c. But the possibility of such disasters renders it still more urgent for all Englishmen who love their country to wash, Pilate-like, their hands of all share in these too possible calamities—leaving to those who, in pulpit and on platform, cry, and re-echo the cry of “Perish India! Perish

British interests!!” to say to their threatened country, as Pilate did of the true Christ, “His blood be upon us and upon our children.”

Let it be so! Meanwhile—as Russia has commenced in earnest this “Sacred Mission” in Turkey—as she has sent nearly “half a million of men,” with about “one thousand cannons,” to enforce it—as, in spite of Mr. Gladstone, “every Russian soldier, we are told *by Russians themselves*, knows this to be a war of conquest and ambition”—“that the necessity of seizing Constantinople is the constant subject of conversation in every mess-room and barrack-hut”—and as we all know that the possession of Constantinople by the Russians means “the dominion of the world and the abasement of England”—as we are told, by diplomatists and statesmen, the most prominent on the Continent, “that it is not so much against Turkey as against England that this campaign is fought”—more than ever I feel bound, as an Englishman, to ask again here, as I asked on the title page of this pamphlet—happy if I can contribute to get it answered—the following momentous question concerning this same “Sacred Mission”—

OUGHT WE TO OPPOSE OR PROMOTE IT?

# THE TURKISH DOG AND RUSSIAN WOLF :

Which would you prefer at Constantinople ?

---

A few remaining copies of this pamphlet—price 6d., with one extra stamp for postage—may be had of the Author, Tracy Lodge, Leamington.

---

*The Londonderry Sentinel*, in its leading article, spoke thus of this pamphlet :—

“ It is a relief, therefore, to turn from these stage antics to the opinions of men who have sensibly considered the subject—men whose political experience and veracity are unquestionable, and who have no sinister object to gain in airing a peculiar hobby. Among this class of honest observers of events we are indebted to Mr. Tracy Turnerelli for a view on the Turkish situation, so admirable, so explicit, and trustworthy, that it cannot fail to convince the public mind that the Premier and Lord Derby have displayed throughout the whole transaction a knowledge, impartiality, and prescience in dealing with the Eastern Question that understands every point. Mr. Turnerelli, it will be remembered, spoke at a meeting recently held at Leamington to express indignation against the atrocities committed in Servia by the Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks. This speech was so enthusiastically applauded that, in order to give it more extensive circulation, it has been republished in a pamphlet form under the title of ‘ *The Turkish Dog, or the Russian Wolf: Which would you prefer at Constantinople?* ’ When we mention that the author is a gentleman of independent means who rendered good service to England during the Crimean War, resided in and travelled through all parts of Russia, and was highly complimented by the late Czar Nicholas for his philanthropy, enough is said to commend his statements as a most reliable authority on the question.”



*May be had also, by the same Author,*

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS,

# A CHRISTMAS STORY

(ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR A CHARITABLE PURPOSE):

## TWO NIGHTS IN A HAUNTED HOUSE IN RUSSIA!

Dedicated to the GRAND-DUCHESS MARIE, and published in  
commemoration of Her Imperial and Royal Highness's  
arrival in England.

---

“I am requested to inform you that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will convey the book himself to St Petersburg.”

These words were addressed in a letter to the Author by Col. Colville, in the suite of His Royal Highness. The Author was, however, subsequently informed that the work *did not please* the high personages to whom it was presented in the Russian Capital; in fact “they were surprised, he was told, that so sombre and uncomplimentary a picture drawn of a celebrated Russian heroine should have been dedicated to a Russian Grand Duchess, even by an Author who during the whole Crimean War brought obloquy and enmity upon himself by advocating peace and representing the Emperor Nicholas and his family in the best possible light that truth would admit of. It would seem that at the Court of Russia “all praise and no blame” is the policy dictated and demanded of writers; and the Author mentions this fact to prove that long, long ago—before the present pamphlet was published—“he showed that he loved truth, and made

no scruple to express it," whether it pleased or displeased his friends in Russia. He was willing to be considered an admirer where admiration was due, but not "a flatterer;" and it may be interesting to those high personages who in Russia disapproved of the story, to know that in England it found its way into the hands of *every* member, individually and collectively, of the Royal Family—of *every* member of the late and present Cabinets—of *every* Ducal Family—of 900 members of the aristocracy—of 2 Field-M Marshals and 20 Generals—of a host of *M.P.s.*—of almost every Foreign Ambassador and Minister at the Court of the Queen—and of the principal Archbishops and Bishops in the three Kingdoms.

---

The following were some of the opinions expressed of the story. The Author reproduces them for the satisfaction of his Russian friends:—

'I am commanded by Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice to thank you for your Russian Ghost Story.'—*Gen. Sir Thomas Biddulph.* 'I am requested to inform you that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will convey the book himself to St. Petersburg.'—*Col. Colville, in the suite of H.R.H.* 'Indeed I should not satisfy my family did I not tell you how delighted we have all been with your Ghost Story.'—*The Lord High Chancellor, Lord Selborne.* 'Your Ghost Story reminds me of Lord Lytton's productions.'—*Lord John Manners.* 'Three large volumes might be made of your excellent Story.'—*The Austrian Ambassador in Paris, Count Vitzthum.* 'We Scandinavians are good judges of Ghost Stories. Yours is admirable.'—*The Swedish and Norwegian Ambassador, Baron Hochschild.* 'The best Ghost Story I have ever read. I predict for it a large circulation.'—*Jacob Bright, M.P.* 'I thank you for your Ghost Story.'—*His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.* 'You have made your Ghost Story a practical reality.'—*The Bishop of Lichfield, etc. etc.*

---

The Author, on behalf of the distressed, to whom the profits of this Work are still devoted, will be happy to forward a copy to anyone desiring the same. Address—TRACY TURNERELLI, Esq., Tracy Lodge, Leamington.

*Will be published later, by the Author of this Pamphlet,*

## ALEXANDER II.,

IS HE OR IS HE NOT

# “THE HUMANITARIAN TZAR”

HE IS CONSIDERED TO BE?

## A LECTURE

RECENTLY DELIVERED IN BRIGHTON

(Alluded to in the Preface of this Pamphlet).

---

Inimical, I fear, as the present pamphlet will by some be considered to be to the “Cossack element” in Russia, which certainly distinguishes its administration in all that concerns the political purposes and measures taken to promote them, I am, I confess, one of those Englishmen who believe the present Tzar—unless he is mightily changed from what I knew him to be—a truly humane sovereign—as kind-hearted, good-natured, beneficently-disposed a man as it is possible to meet with. My earliest acquaintance with his Imperial Majesty dates from about the year 1840, when I had the honour of being presented to him in the town of Kazan, the old capital of the Tartar Khans, on the banks of the Volga. This makes pretty nearly an acquaintance, off and on, of “thirty-six years,” which in some measure entitles me to speak about him. Besides, as it was my lot during the late Crimean War to write and publish, under the title of “*What I knew of the late Emperor Nicholas*,” &c., some reminiscences of the late Tzar, his father, I feel more emboldened to give the reading public a few personal, gossiping reminiscences of Alexander, who—no Englishman can forget it—was the “Liberator of the Serf,” and who, it is no exaggeration to say, is probably the best beloved Tzar that has ever occupied the Russian throne—not even excepting Alexander I., his uncle.

We Englishmen, whatever be our political tendencies, can afford to be impartial, and even while we are condemning administrative acts, we can and do feel a pride in rendering a just homage to individuals, whether those persons be sovereigns or serfs, as the case may be. This is the principle I have always carried out in writing about Russia, and

it was the feeling which, I am glad to say, actuated me when, in the midst of war, I related what little I knew of the domestic and personal good qualities of Nicholas at the time when that sovereign was lying on his funeral bier in St. Petersburg. Thus, I repeat, even my Russian friends will see I am no enemy, but a "friend" to Russians, even while I consider myself quite at liberty, under the circumstances, to "wage the war of the pen" with that war party in their country who are bringing so many gallant Russian soldiers to a bloody grave. Even while I write I hear of 4,000 brave Russians—devoted to their country and Tzar, suddenly "blown to pieces with cannons or riddled with bullets;" and when I think how many thousands more of those good, hospitable peasants with whom I once mixed and lived and travelled, will share the same fate, I forget all except the scene of horrible bloodshed which is raging around me, and the mangled corpses of those whom, in their individual character, I feel attached to and would wish to see happy, not weltering on the battle-field in streams of blood and human bodies. So, while I say "Down with the Russian Wolf!"—and the sooner the world gets rid of him the better—I may still cry, "*Boje Tzara Khrani*," and may God preserve the Emperor, as well as those good Russian friends I could once boast of—many of whom formed as good specimens of the human race as the Divine Creator "breathed His spirit into."

I therefore ask if an author may be allowed to ask a favour, that all those into whose hands this account of the doings of the Russian Wolf may fall—those who purchase it at least—will read likewise, as an act of justice, when they appear, my recollections of the Russian Tzar—in whose nature there was very little of the wolfish element I can assure my countrymen; in fact, I fear in his said character there was far too much of the "dove nature" to please a large portion of the present Russian nation.

In my time the saying was in Russian circles, he was "too good and kind to be a Tzar of all the Russias. What we want is a Tzar with an iron hand and an iron glove over it."

*That* Nicholas certainly was. *That* Alexander certainly is not or *was not*, and I think I had opportunities of knowing both as well as most Englishmen.



